IDW

ISSUE #1

$2.99

THE TRANSFORMERS

INFILTRATION

IDW

ISSUE #1

$2.99

THE TRANSFORMERS

INFILTRATION

IDW

ISSUE #1

$2.99

THE TRANSFORMERS

INFILTRATION

GUIDO GUIDI 2005

IDW

ISSUE #1

$2.99

THE TRANSFORMERS

INFILTRATION

> THE TRANSFORMERS #1

>INFILTRATION

> written by: Simon Furman

> art by: E.J. Su

> colors by: John Rauch &
Josh Burcham

> letters by: Tom B. Long &
Robbie Robbins

> edits by: Chris Ryall &
Dan Taylor

>>>>>

INFILTRATION:

Runaway VERITY CARLO has acquired a palm computer, but the "salesman" from whom she stole it is far more than meets the eye. Now, both she and conspiracy theorist HUNTER O'NION have been targeted by a covert Decepticon infiltration unit, and their only hope of survival lies with Autobot medic, RATCHET, out on his own and in too deep...

PHASE ONE CONTINUES...

>>>>>

Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Elizabeth Griffin, and Richard Zambarano for their invaluable assistance.

IDW Publishing is:
Robbie Robbins, President
Chris Ryall, Publisher/Editor-in-Chief
Ted Adams, Vice President
Kris Oprisko, Vice President
Neil Uyetake, Art Director
Dan Taylor, Editor
Aaron Myers, Distribution Manager
Tom B. Long, Designer
Chance Boren, Editorial Assistant
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Controller
Alex Garner, Creative Director
Yumiko Miyano, Business Development
Rick Privman, Business Development

Licensed by:
Hasbro Properties Group

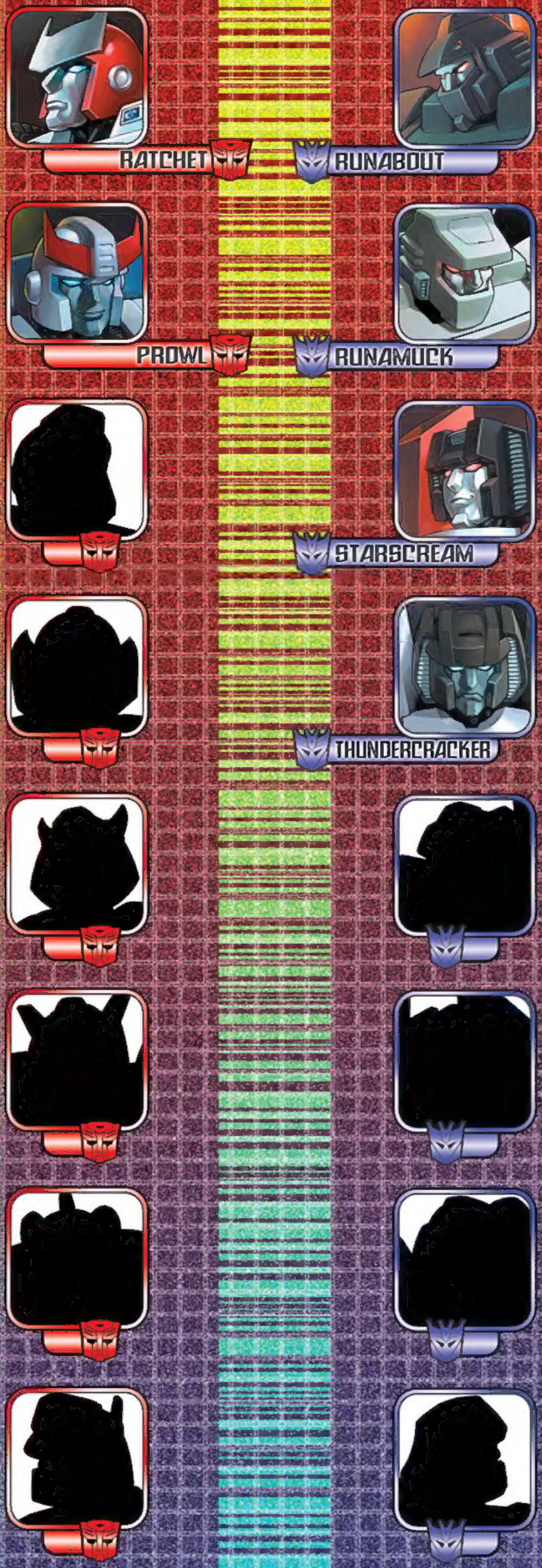
To discuss this issue of *Transformers*, or join the IDW Insiders, or to check out exclusive Web offers, check out our site:

WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM

THE TRANSFORMERS: INFILTRATION #1. JANUARY 2006. FIRST PRINTING. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 4411 Morena Blvd., Suite 106, San Diego, CA 92117. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission.

© 2005 Hasbro. © 2005 Idea and Design Works, LLC. All Rights Reserved. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Canada.

IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.



IN A NUTSHELL...

...PLANET EARTH WAS INVADED...

...THREE YEARS AGO... OR THREE MILLION, IT DEPENDS ON WHICH OF MANY THEORIES YOU SUBSCRIBE TO...

Mechatopia

http://www.mechatopia.com/

...and so-called paleo-purists, who insist that recovered geological data from the Eureka find (in Nevada) confirms the existence of dinosaur-variant mechanoids of a scale that would dwarf today's extra-vehicular entities.

In fact, little or no hard and fast evidence survives from before 2002, though again the Mount St. Helens eruption exhibits (www.mechatopia.com/1984) are considered gospel to many cross-generationals. In these more enlightened days, many of these peripheral theories are now lumped together into the "retro" category, and modern Mechatheory stems largely from the Buchanan crop manifestations of 2002.

When Iowa cereal farmer Joshua Humphrey took to the fields one bright August morning, on finding his arable lands pock-marked by a number of uniform indentations, some measuring over six foot by three foot, he turned immediately to a local crop-dusting firm, arranging for comprehensive aerial photography of the entire affected area. No doubt sensing the resultant reciprocal sightseeing opportunity, Hazleton Dust 'n' Done deferred payment, and the fruits of their labor became an instant cause celebre.

Since then, from Iowa, south and west to Arizona, the evidentiary chain has grown and flourished, providing...

BACK

NEXT

Done

Internet

...BY GIANT, ALIEN MECHANOIDS, ABLE TO DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS TERRAN VEHICLES.

AND THEY'RE STILL HERE, DOING WHATEVER SUCH BEINGS DO FOR WHO-KNOWS-WHAT REASONS.

IT SOUNDS PREPOSTEROUS, RIGHT? INCONCEIVABLE. BUT...

I BELIEVE.

I WANT

ALIEN DEATHRAY

SOUTHEAST, CALIFORNIA:

GH-NH. GET...

...OFF!

OH?

I... UH... CAN'T. LOOK...

...THIS ISN'T EXACTLY MY IDEA OF A *GOOD TIME*, Y'KNOW!

STUCK BETWEEN SUGAR 'N' SPICE–ME AND MISTER CREEPY-FIXED-SMILE THERE IN THIS TOTAL *TWILIGHT ZONE* OF AN AMBULANCE...

...SOUNDS LIKE EVERY GEEK'S ULTIMATE FANTASY!

ALIEN

HOW FAST ARE WE GOING ANYWAY?

ACCORDING TO THIS, SIXTY-FIVE...

...BUT I'D SAY DOUBLE, NO... ***TRIPLE*** THAT!

WHICH MEANS...

OH...

OH...

YOU'RE ONE OF ***THEM,*** AREN'T YOU? YOU'RE NOT A "HE," YOU'RE AN "IT."

SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE...

"...I'VE FOUND YOU!"

IT WASN'T ENOUGH. I HAD TO GET *OUT* THERE...

...*SEE* FOR MYSELF!

I KNEW ALL THE HOTSPOTS, THE LOCALES *STEEPED* IN EXTRA-VEHICULAR ACTIVITY. IN MY MIND, ALL I HAD TO DO...

...WAS GO LOOKING FOR *TROUBLE!*

HEY! *HEY!*

HATE TO BURST YOUR DREAMY BUBBLE, HUNTER...

...BUT WE'VE GOT *COMPANY!*

AT ONE-NINETY M.P.H *PLUS?!* AH... MMM.

DOUBLE TROUBLE!

HUNTER. THAT'S YOUR *NAME?*

MY...? OH... YEAH. ***HUNTER O'NION.*** THAT'S OH-EN—

CAN I TRUST YOU, HUNTER?

T-TRUST ME?

YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE. YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE *MUCH MORE.*

CAN I ***TRUST*** YOU?

...

SURE. YEAH... YOU CAN.

HEY. ***HEY!*** WHEN YOU BOYS ARE ***DONE*** MAKING YOUR LITTLE FRATERNITY PLEDGES...

...BIG SIS IS RIGHT OVER HERE!

SO SORRY. AND YOU ARE?

VERITY...

"...VERITY CARLO."

WHADDAYA *MEAN* YA HAVEN'T GOT JESSIE'S TICKET?

I HANDED IT RIGHT *TO* YA!

L.A.?

THERE OR THEREABOUTS. SIT ANYWHERE, RIGHT? ME...

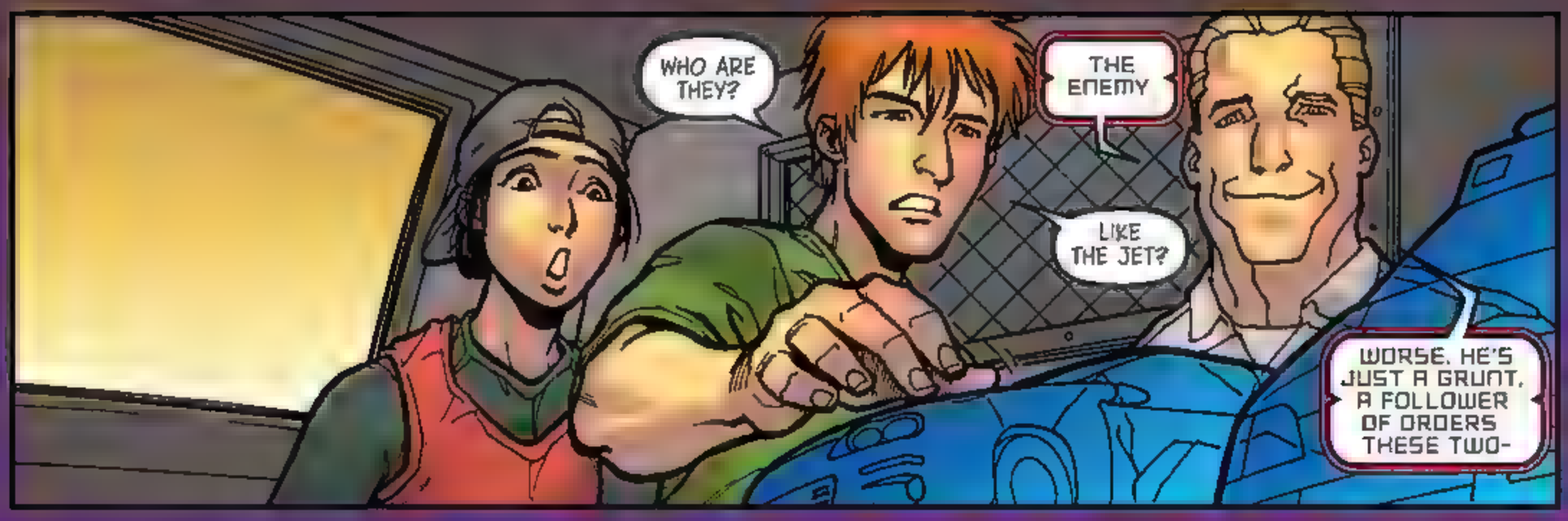
"...I LIKE A *VIEW.*"

WELL, VERITY... I HOPE I CAN TRUST YOU, *TOO.* BECAUSE--TO USE A LOCAL IDIOM-- I'M *WAY* OUT ON A LIMB HERE...

WHOA...

DITTO.

...AND WE'RE AT *BREAKING POINT.*


WHO ARE THEY?
THE ENEMY
LIKE THE JET?
WORSE. HE'S JUST A GRUNT, A FOLLOWER OF ORDERS THESE TWO-

-LIKE TO PLAY!
RRRRRK!
KLANG

CHANNNNG

DO SOMETHING!

I AM—

SKKK

SKREEEE

KRAKOOOSH

EEERRSSH

DID... WE LOSE THEM?

THEM, YES—

—Him, no.

THRRR THRRRPTI RRRRPTI

GHAKI

THAT'S 'BOUGHT US, OH, TWO OR *THREE* MINUTES. WHAT WE NEED—IS A POPULATION CENTER, A PLACE TO HIDE.

A BOLTHOLE.

EXACTLY MY, AH, *VEHICLE* IS IN NEED OF REPAIRS

THAT US? WELL...

...RECKON I'VE GOT JUST THE PLACE.

HOH! WHERE'D YOU GET *THAT?*

IT'S AN *SM-40,* RIGHT? YOU DON'T JUST PICK ONE OF THOSE UP OVER THE COUNTER!

IT'S *MINE.* END OF STORY.

YOU LOGGING ON?

ALIEN DEATHRAY

DUH.

DEET DEET-DEET

GIVE ME SOME... HUH? SOME PIIVACY. IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?

IS SHE ALWAYS THIS... PRICKLY?

BEATS ME... WE ONLY JUST MET. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

"WHAT'S *YOUR* STORY?"

NO. AT BEST, IT'S TENUOUS. AT *WORST*, A COMPLETE WASTE OF AVAILABLE RESOURCES.

I'M SORRY, *RATCHET*, WE CAN'T HAVE YOU RUSHING TO THE AID OF *EVERY* HUMAN WHOSE LIFE MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT BE IN DANGER. REQUEST–

–DENIED.

"JUST CALL ME–"

–A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

YES!! RESULT!

HEAD FOR RIVERSIDE.

RIVERSIDE?

HERE.

WHAT'S IN RIVERSIDE?

NOT WHAT, WHO...

"...JIMMY PINK!"

WELL, WELL. VERITY CARLO...

...WE MEET AT LAST!

GOOD TO PUT A FACE TO THE NAME. SHAME IT'S SO DAMN UGLY...

BORN WITH IT, Y'KNOW. WHAT'RE Y'GONNA DO?

SO... WHAT YOU GOT FOR ME? YOUR FLASH-MAIL SOUNDED KINDA URGENT.

WHAT I'VE GOT IS THIS...

ONE VERRY STRANGE AND RATHER WORSE-FOR-WEAR EMERGENCY VEHICLE.

OH-KAAY. AND THIS IS SUPPOSED TO ENGAGE MY NOTORIOUSLY LIMITED ATTENTION SPAN HOW?

ER... CAN WE BANTER INSIDE, JIMMY? WE'RE KINDA VISIBLE OUT HERE...

R GHT, OF COURSE.

BRING HER IN...

HI, I'M-

HOO-HAH! NOT YOUR COMMON OR GARDEN *ROAD RAGE* INCIDENT!

IT'S BEEN A SERIOLSLY *WEIRD* DAY ALL ROLND, TRUST ME! WE OKAY TO HOLE UP HERE FOR A WHILE?

SURE, SURE...

THIS THING COME WITH A DR.VER OR—

HERE.

WH'THE-?

MUCH OF THE, AH, INTERNAL DAMAGE I CAN REPAIR MYSELF BUT FOR SOME *EXTREMITIES*, I MAY NEED- ASSISTANCE.

HEY, JUST THINK OF ME AS YOUR PERSONAL GREASE MONKEY.

JIMMY, YOU GOT A SODA OR SOMETHING?

KITCHEN INNABACK...

VERITY... *VERITY!*

WHO *IS* THIS GUY? YOU JUST MET, RIGHT? I MEAN, CAN WE EVEN TRUST HIM?

WHAT? LIKE *YOU* TRUSTED THAT SPACE *CADET* OF A PARAMED.C WHEN HE GOT ALL *ARNIE* ON US OUT IN THE DESERT?

"EEF YOU VANT TO LIVE, GET EEN." *FEH.*

THAT WAS... DIFFERENT.

WE WERE BEING SHOT AT... WITH *AIM-9* MISSILES, NO LESS!

WHATEVER. JIMMY'S A *NET-HIKER,* LIKE ME. WE... HELP EACH OTHER OUT, Y'KNOW? IT GETS LONELY BEING OF NO FIXED ABODE, SCARY. JIMMY'S BEEN THERE FOR ME LOTS OF TIMES...

...IN A *VIRTUAL* SENSE.

SO, YEAH, I TRUST HIM. *DEAL* WITH IT!

I...

UH-HUH.

...IN ALL MY YEARS UNDER AN AUTOMOBILE, I HAVE *NEVER* SEEN SUSPENSION QUITE LIKE THIS...

ALIEN

ALIEN DEATH

ANYTHING?

NEGATIVE. TARGETS HAVE GONE TO GROUND. CONTINUING RESONANT SIGNATURE SWEEP.

HE'LL BE SPITTING DIODE CLUSTERS RIGHT ABOUT NOW. THINK WE SHOULD DISCORPORATE THE *NULL BUBBLE* AND CHECK IN?

NO. I THINK WE SHOULD FIND THE LITTLE PUDDLES OF NUCLEOPLASM AND *STEP* ON THEM. *THEN* REPORT.

WE HAVE THE *ETHERGRID* PROFILE. SOONER OR LATER ONE OR OTHER BACTERIUM WILL BOOT UP, AND WHEN THEY *DO*...

...THE *FUN* REALLY STARTS!

HOW'S THAT?

NETHERLEY— IT KIND OF *TICKLES.*

HUH?

NEVER MIND. IT'S PERFECT YOU'RE A— NATURAL.

IT'S KIND OF MY *GIFT.* I WAS TAKING ENGINES APART BEFORE I WAS OUT OF SHORT PANTS.

I'M SEVENTEEN, RIGHT, AND I THOUGHT I'D SEEN IT *ALL...* THEN *THIS* BABY ROLLED INTO MY LIFE.

QUID PRO QUO TIME, MY GRINNING FRIEND. YOU WANT MY HELP, RIGHT? WELL...

...I WANT *INFORMATION.* THIS VEHICLE OF YOURS, ITS—

LIKE *NOTHING ON EARTH?*

UH?

OHH... IGNORE HIM. HE'D HAVE YOU BELIEVE THIS AMBULANCE IS SOME KIND OF ALIEN *ROBOT IN DISGUISE!*

IT'S A PRIVATE DELUSION HE *INSISTS* ON SHARING!

ALIEN

ATHRAY

I'LL ADMIT, IT'S A *FANCIFUL* THEORY. AND ALL I'VE EVER *REALLY* HAD TO BACK IT UP ARE BLURRY PHOTOS AND UNRELIABLE EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS.

UNTIL NOW.

WANT TO TELL ME WHAT *THIS* IS?

HEY!

THAT'S MY COMPUTER, *DAMMIT*, WHO SAID YOU COULD-

VERITY...

...IT'S *NOT* YOUR COMPUTER. I THINK YOU STOLE IT, AND WHAT'S MORE...

...I THINK IT'S *WHY* WE'VE BEEN TARGETED, YOU AND I.

ALIEN DEATHRAY

YOU... REALIZE HOW *UNHINGED* YOU SOUND, DON'T YOU? IT'S...

TRUE. ALL TRUE.

ALIEN

YOU'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER.

THE ENEMY—

ENOUGH *ALREADY!* I AM *SICK* TO THE BACK TEETH WITH ALL THIS PARANOID CONSPIRACY *GARBAGE.* YOU'RE AS BAD AS EACH OTHER!

GIMME THAT!

DOESN'T MATTER *HOW* I CAME BY IT, IT'S MINE.

VERITY...

I'M GOING OUT, TO GET SOME FRESH AIR...

...BEFORE I *CHOKE* ON ALL THIS EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL TESTOSTERONE!

CLAK!

PRICKLY. PRICKLY.

SHOULD WE..?

SHE'LL BE BACK. NOW...

...DOES THIS 'ENEMY' HAVE A NAME?

I...

YES.

THEY'RE CALLED—

DUH-DUH-

THERE. SEE.

-DECEPTICON!

IT SAID—

CHANGED—

VERITY?

DECEPTICON?

THEY'VE FOUND US!

SCHCRUNCH

GET INSIDE ME!

WHAT?

INSIDE THE— VEHICLE.

—RYI

BUT... YOU...

HUR—

KA BRUMPH

THE DATA STORAGE DEVICE—

GIMME!

TO BE CONTINUED.